

ALL
ORIGINAL

GIANT TERROR SUSPENSE ANNUAL!

NIGHTMARE
1972
ANNUAL

NIGHTMARE ANNUAL

A SETWAD PUBLICATION

47775
1972

THE DAY THE
EARTH WILL
DIE!

FIEND
OF
HORROR!

LIBB
FROM
LIBB
FROM
DEATH!

featuring
ALL-ORIGINAL
**FRIGHT
FANTASIES!**



HAVING READ THE BLACK ORIGIN OF DRACULA IN THE *PSYCHO ANNUAL*... NOW ON SALE... YOU MAY NOW WANT TO KNOW OF THE *VAMPIRESS*... HAS THERE EVER BEEN SUCH A *WOMAN*?

HOLLYWOOD HAS PORTRAYED HER OFTEN... AS HAVE MANY AUTHORS OF THE MACABRE... AS BEING *UNHOLY, RUTHLESS, WITHOUT MERCY*... AS A SUB-HUMAN ENTITY WHOSE LIFE-FORCE IS SUSTAINED ONLY BY HER LUSTING VICTIM AFTER VICTIM... SUFFERING THEIR *BLOOD* TO BECOME AS ONE WITH *HERS*...

HAS THERE EVER LIVED SUCH A WOMAN? THE ANSWER IS YES... AS YOU'LL SEE IN...

THE TRUTH BEHIND THE MYTH OF THE BRIDE OF DRACULA

THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER IS FOUND IN 18TH CENTURY HUNGARY WITHIN THE WALLS OF THE CASTLE CSÉJTHE...

... IN THE PERSON OF THE COUNTESS ELIZABETH BATHORY... AN EVIL AND BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WHO SURROUNDED HERSELF WITH THE STRANGEST OF COMPANIONS... THORNO THE SORCEROR... DARVULA THE FOREST WITCH... UJURAVY THE ALCHEMIST...



SHE WOULD BRUTALLY MURDER THE GIRLS THEN BATH IN THE BLOOD OF THREE OR FOUR VICTIMS...

...OFTEN IT WAS SAID SHE WOULD FIRST DRINK IT AS ONE WOULD DRINK WINE... TO EXCESS... 'TILL SHE WAS DRUNK WITH LUNACY!



SHE WAS OBSESSED BY PASSIONS WHICH COULD BE SATISFIED ONLY BY GROTESQUE TORTURES... WHICH SHE WOULD INFLICT ON INNOCENT GIRLS SHE ABDUCTED ON DARK MOONLESS NIGHTS WHEN SHE WOULD ROAM THE COUNTRYSIDE WITH HER COMPANIONS...



IN 1840 THE COUNTESS BATHORY WAS TRIED FOR HER CRIMES AND WAS PUNISHED BY BEING WALLED UP ALIVE IN HER OWN DUNGEONS... SURROUNDED BY THE CORPSES OF HER VICTIMS...
...MACABRE... BUT TRUE... HARDLY THE 'BRIDE OF DRACULA' AS WE'VE COME TO IMAGINE HER... BUT CERTAINLY THE REFERENCE FOR MANY A WERD-TALE WRITER WHO SAW IN HER--THE FIRST FEMALE OF THE BLOOD-LUST KNOWN AS VAMPIRISM!



STAY HERE...

FLIP THRU THE CONTENTS IF YOU WILL BUT **READ** THESE FRIGHTENING BLURBS THAT TELL YOU OF WHAT ARCHAIC BEINGS, BEASTS AND ABOMINATIONS **LIVE** WITHIN THIS **ALL ORIGINAL** FIRST INDULGENCE INTO THE MAD-EMOTIONAL **HORROR-MOOD...**

...THE NIGHTMARE ANNUAL

#1 1972

ISRAEL WALDMAN - Publisher
ALAN HEWETSON - Editor
HERSCHEL WALDMAN - Business Manager

NOW... OPEN UP YOUR EYES AND COME INTO THIS ISSUE KNOWING WHAT MADNESS WE OFFER YOU...

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ON 4... THE STRANGE CASE OF **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE** JUST AS IT WAS ORIGINALLY WRITTEN... FEARFULLY...

ON 15... A **MACABRE FACT OF LIFE**... TEACHES YOU THE ANFUL SECRET'S BEHIND **THE INDIAN ROPE TRICK**...

ON 17... **BEAUTY IS ONLY BLOOD DEEP**... AND LURKING UNDER A SATIN SKIN SOFT TO YOUR **HORROR-TOUCH**...

ON 26... THE GOOD DOCTOR-CANNIBAL TEASES YOUR PALATE IN **LIMB FROM LIMB FROM DEATH**...

ON 33... THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF MACABRE DREAMS THAT YOU WILL WRITE: **'IN A GRAVE BENEATH THE SEA'**...

ON 38... LISTEN TO THE SOUNDS OF SILENCE... THEY REEK OF **UTTER-INNER EMOTION**... WHEN YOU ARE: **ALONE**...

ON 51... **AND IF A FIEND SHOULD COME A'CALLIN'**... YOU'D BETTER KNOW EXACTLY WHERE YOUR BRAIN IS AT...

ON 57... OUR COVER TALE (COVER ART BY **FERNANDO**) THAT'S DESTINED TO ROCK THE HALLOWED HALLS OF ARCHAIC, OLD MOVIE HOUSES... **'THE DAY THE EARTH WILL DIE'**...

NOW... THERE IS NO MORE TO READ HERE... THE BLURBS ARE OVER... FINISHED... THERE IS NAUGHT TO DO NOW BUT TURN THE PAGE AND LEAP INTO THE **HORROR-MOOD**...

THE STRANGE CASE OF

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

ADAPTED BY HEWETSON AND KIRKUS FROM THE R. L. STEVENSON CLASSIC TALE OF THE MACABRE

THE YEAR WAS WRITTEN AS 1886; THE LOCALE AS LONDON, ENGLAND; THE SETTING--A SEEDY SIDE-STREET IN THE OLD SOHO DISTRICT; THE SCENE--WELL REPORTED IN THE LONDON TIMES OF THE DAY--



---HERE A CHILD WHO NEEDS NO SUCH FANCY TITLE TO WALK BY--"INNOCENT" WILL SUFFICE---



HERE WALKS A MAN NAMED EDWARD HYDE.---



---AND INNOCENTLY ENOUGH--THE CHILD RUNS INTO EDWARD HYDE AS THEY MEET AT THE CORNER---



--THE MAN CALLED HYDE UNMERCIFULLY *BEATS* THE
INNOCENT CHILD TO A *BLOODY LIVING PULP*--FOR
SUCH IS HIS '*CHARACTER*'--

--HIS '*CHARACTER*' IS WHAT THIS MACABRE
STORY IS *ALL ABOUT*.

AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...

THEY
FILTHY
CHILD!



--RUN THE STREETS
THIS TIME OF NIGHT AND
EXPECT
TO BE PUNISHED!

IF YOUR PARENTS
HAVE NOT THE COURAGE
TO WHIP YOU... I DO...
...WITHIN AN INCH
OF YOUR *LIFE!*



THIS MAN IS DR.
HENRY JEKYLL--
A RESPECTED
PHYSICIAN--A
CONSERVATIVE
MEMBER OF ENGLAND'S
UPPER CRUST...

...A THEORY
THAT WITHIN
EVERY MAN IS
ANOTHER--AN ALTER
EGO HE CALLED IT--A
MIND OF OPPOSITE CHARACTER
STRUGGLING TO SURFACE--

DR JEKYLL ANNOUNCED
NOT MANY YEARS AGO
TO THE ROYAL COLLEGE
OF PHYSICIANS THAT
HE HAD A THEORY--

THEY LAUGHED AT HIM--MOCKED HIM--IT WAS
OF COURSE, HIS SCIENTIFIC DUTY TO EXPER-
IMENT--TO ISOLATE THOSE TWO PERSONA-
LITIES--

AS JEKYLL I CAN
DO LITTLE. THE CONCERNS
OF A DOCTOR ARE FEW
AND MEANINGLESS--
LIMITED TO RESEARCH
AND STUDY.

...PAIN!

AS HYDE
I AM PLEASURE
INCARNATE!

EVERY SWEET
PERVERSION OF LIFE
IS MINE... EVERY TWIST,
EVERY SNAIL AND LUST
OF DESIRE... IS MINE
TO CLUTCH AND HOLD...

--FOR SUCH IS THE
POWER OF AMORPHITY
AND AS EDWARD HYDE I
HAVE A PAST AND
FUTURE THAT ONLY
I CONTROL!

HIS EXPERIMENTS PROVED DR. HENRY JEKYLL
& MAN OF GENIUS-- FOR THAT INNER-OTHER
PERSONALITY WAS ISOLATED--AND SOME-
THINGS BASS AND ROLL AND EVIL WAS UN-
LEASHED-- SOMETHING WITH A MIND AS
PERVERTED AS ITS SOUL!

TO DESCRIBE THE CHARACTER OF THIS MR. HYDE IS NOT EASY-- IT WILL BE SIMPLER TO SHOW YOU... SHOW YOU THE DEPRAVED DEPTHS TO WHICH A MAN CAN SINK----

--IF YOU DON'T KNOW IT-- THIS IS THE **BASEST** OF ALL **DRUGS**-- GRIM--HYDE STARTS HIS EVENINGS BY TWISTING HIS MIND THUSLY-- THEN **EXECUTES** THE UNNAMEABLE **FANTASIES** THE **BLOWN-MIND** **SUGGESTS**...





THIS IS EDWARD HYDE EVIL...



IT IS HOURS LATER--PERHAPS DAYS--
WEEKS-- EDWARD HYDE DOESN'T
CARE ABOUT TIME!

OH MY HEAD--
WHAT IS HYDE
DOING WITH MY
BODY--I CAN'T
PERMIT HIM
TO...

MY FACE--MY BODY--
IS ONLY HALF HYDE--
HALF MY OWN...

...THE
POWDERS--
THE POWDERS MUST
BE DEFECTIVE...

OH GOD--
GOD--MY HAND--
HYDE'S HAND!

NO--MY GOD NO--

IT'S HYDE'S DOING--
IT'S HYDE--HE'S
WEAKENING THEM--
POISONING ME...

--HE WANTS ABSOLUTE CONTROL

OH HORRORS--WHY HAVE
I LET MYSELF BECOME--
I NO LONGER CONTROL MY
OWN BODY--HYDE IS
BECOMING THE MASTER--
HE'S MURDERING
ME!

FIVE TWISTS AND BENDS A MAN--IT'S BEEN KNOWN TO KILL-- BUT IT'S NOT SO KIND TO THE MAN CALLED JEKYLL-- JEKYLL, IN A WORD, IS PERSECUTED!



...AND IT SHOWS!

I'M GOING TO MEET THIS MAN HYDE-- CONFRONT HIM-- THAT GUTTENISH BRUTE MUST HAVE SOME CONTROL OVER MY FRIEND--I'M GOING TO FIND OUT EXACTLY HOW!



WHAT ABOUT-- I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY TO YOU ANYWAY!

BUT I HAVE MUCH TO SAY TO YOU-- WHERE IS DR. JEKYLL-- WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH HIM?



TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF...

...YOUR FACE. WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOU...



NOTHING THAT CONCERNS YOU-- NOTHING!







THEY WONDER--**IS HIS FRIEND**--**HIS SERVANT**--THEY WONDER--**WHY THIS SENSELESS DEATH OF GREAT MAN--BUT NOT LONG--SOON THEY WILL READ THE DARK NOTES OF THE MAN CALLED JESU!--**AS HE WRITES **THE STORY OF A THING CALLED HYDE--**THIS STORY **ENDS IN A DEATH--**THE NEXT--IN A FUTURE ISSUE--**STARTS WITH A BIRTH--**AS WE REVEAL THOSE LETTERS OF DR. HENRY JESU! --IN A MACABRE TALE ONLY A MADMAN WOULD KNOW...AND TELL!



#1...\$2



#2...\$2



#3...\$1.50



#5...\$1



#9...\$1



#125

ON SALE
SEPT 28ON SALE
NOV. 30

...INSIDE *PSYCHO* AND *NIGHTMARE* THERE LURKS A MAD-EMOTIONAL THING THAT GRABS HOLD OF YOUR **ALMIGHTY ANONYMOUS ALL** AND TWISTS IT... **BENDS** IT... POSSESSES YOUR **BRAIN**... BUT... YOU ALREADY *know* THAT DON'T YOU?... THE PEN **SHAKES** IN YOUR HAND... YOUR MIND **TREMbles**... BUT YOU HAVE TO DO IT NOW... MAKE THAT ORDER NOW... BECAUSE TOMORROW YOU MAY BE TOO LATE... AND YOU WILL SIMPLY SHUDDER AND COLLAPSE INTO CHAOS... FOR **WHO** ON THIS GROTESQUE GREEN EARTH CAN *LIVE* WITHOUT THESE

MIND
IMPLoding

BACK-ISSUES



#2...\$2



#3...\$1.50



#4...\$1.25



#8...\$1



#125

ON SALE
AUG 31ON SALE
OCT 26ON SALE
DEC 28

ON ALL ORDERS PLEASE INCLUDE 35¢
TOTAL POSTAGE AND HANDLING

NIGHTMARE 10 20 30 80 90 ANNUAL ☐

PSYCHO 20 30 40 80 ANNUAL ☐

ENCLOSED: \$.....

NAME.....

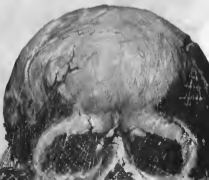
ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

ZIP.....

WE
WAKE YOU **FAIR WARNING**
CHRONICLE COLLECTOR, THESE FAR-FETCHED
FREAK FRAUGHT FANTASIES ARE SELLING
OUT FAST... KEEP YOUR COLLECTION COMPLETE...
SEND IN YOUR CRUMBLING CASH NOW TO:

SKYWALD BACK-ISSUES RM. 801
18 EAST 41 ST. NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017



PERHAPS THE WORLD'S MOST DEGRADED PERFORMANCE IS THE FAMOUS INDIAN ROPE TRICK-- FEW PEOPLE OF THE WESTERN WORLD HAVE EVER WITNESSED IT-- FEW KNOW HOW IT WORKS OR WHY-- NOW YOU ARE ABOUT TO LEARN ITS SECRET-- BUT BEFORE YOU DO-- WE GIVE YOU SERIOUS WARNING BEFORE YOU READ A SINGLE WORD-- LOOK AT A SINGLE PICTURE-- BRACE YOURSELF-- FOR THIS BRUTAL AND INHUMAN PERFORMANCE YOU ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS IS NOT JUST A "STORY"-- IT'S---

a MACABRE fact of life:

THE INDIAN ROPE TRICK



THE PLACE: A HINDU VILLAGE IN SOME REMOTE PROVINCE OF INDIA

THE TIME: ANY UNFORTUNATE DAY YOU MIGHT WISH TO PICK

THE SETTING: A TIGHTLY FORMED CIRCLE AROUND A PALM



THE PERFORMANCE: YOU WATCH AS THE MAGICIAN SETS OUT A SMALL BASKET ON THE GROUND-- YOU LISTEN AS HE CHATTERS ENDLESSLY, INCESSANTLY IN COLLOQUIAL HINDUSTANI, EXPLAINING IN MINUTE DETAIL HIS ACTIONS TO THOSE WHOSE EYES ARE RIVETED UPON HIM. FROM THE BASKET HE TAKES AN INCH THICK ROPE ABOUT 12-15 FEET LONG-- HE FLICKS IT INTO THE AIR WITH HIS HAND-- IT BECOMES RIGID AND HARD-- HE PLACES ONE END ON THE GROUND AND THE OTHER IN THE AIR-- SUSPENDED BY ABSOLUTELY NOTHING! SUDDENLY A YOUNG BOY APPEARS FROM NOWHERE AND CLIMBS THE ROPE-- DISAPPEARING INTO A GREY FOREIGN RIST AT ITS SUKHWIT--



THEN THE FAKIR HIMSELF CLIMBS THE ROPE AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE STRANGE MIST **ALSO**--



--YOU WATCH, HORRIFIED AS THE BOY'S SEVERED ARM FALLS--
--THEN HIS LEG AND HIS HAND AND HIS FOOT--



---FINALLY THE FAKIR RE-APPEARS CARRYING THE DECAPITATED **HEAD** WHICH HE WAVES BEFORE YOU!

YOU WATCH--LISTEN-- HE GATHERS THE REMAINS AND PACKS THEM INTO A HORRID BUNDLE--THEN WITH HIS RAZOR SHARP KUKRI DEFILES WHAT IS LEFT OF THE BOY'S REMAINS--HE DRIVES THE SULLEN STEEL SHAFT INTO THE BLOODY HEAP AND YOU **GASP**--GASP FOR AIR--FOR WHAT YOU AND YOUR COMPANIONS HAVE WITNESSED HAS BEEN BRUTAL--SENSELESS--
-EVIL!



SUDDENLY THE MOOD CHANGES--THE MAGICIAN WAVES HIS HAND AND THE ROPE COLLAPSES--THE CLOTH BEGINS TO RISE OF ITS OWN ACCORD--LARGER, SWELLING LIKE A BALLOON--TO REVEAL THE SMILING BOY--
UNHARMED AND ALIVE!



THE EXPLANATION: ONE MAN IN THE CROWD DID **NOT** SEE WHAT HIS COMPANIONS DID--INSTEAD HE "SAW" ONLY THE CROWD REACTING STRANGELY TO A FAKIR WAVING HIS ARMS AND SHOUTING--**TELLING** THE CROWD WHAT WAS GOING ON--MASS HYPNOTIZING THEM! THIS IS WHY THIS MAN SAW **NOTHING**--THE WESTERNER--ONE OF US--FOR WHOM AMONG US IS SUSCEPTIBLE TO AUTO-SUGGESTION--IF IT'S MADE IN FLUENT COLLOQUIAL HINDUSTANI?

HOW CAN WE "SEE"--
--WITHOUT EARS TO HEAR!

THE END

IT IS TOO LATE NOW AND THROUGH A SHIMMERING HAZE OF FROST-BIKED HORROR THE GIRL REALIZES IT, WITH INEXORABLE CONVICTION, LIKE SO MANY OTHERS IN THIS PERIOD OF FRANCE'S ERRATIC AND OFTEN BLOOD-SMATTERED HISTORY, THE UNSPEAKABLE TRAILHS OF INSURRECTION, COUNTER-INSURRECTION, TERRORISM, AND THE SWIFT DESCENT OF THE GUILLOTINE HAVE BYPASSSED THIS GIRL -- AND SO SHE HAS NEVER RAISED A FALTERING VOICE OF PROTEST AGAINST THE ULTIMATE IN ATROCITIES. BUT NOW SHE IS A VICTIM OF A DIFFERENT -- YET SIMILAR -- ATROCITY, AND NOW SHE FULLY EMBRACES THE PRESIDENT MEANING OF THE WORD **FEAR**, AND WORSE, THE RAZOR-EDGED MEANING OF **PAIN** -- A HORRENDOUS PAIN WHICH SPILLS HER BLOOD, AND HER BEAUTY...

BEAUTY IS ONLY BLOOD DEEP

NO! NOOOOO!
I'VE NEVER DONE
ANYTH--EEEEEE!

IT'LL DO
NO GOOD, REALLY, YOU
KNOW, STRUGGLING, THAT IS, NO,
NO GOOD AT ALL, STRUGGLING ONLY
FORCES THE BLADE DEEPER, YES,
DEEPER. AM I RIGHT, COUNTESSA?
IS YOUR SERVANT NOT
RIGHT?

STILL YOUR
WAGGING TONGUE, MORDE, IT
IS COMMON KNOWLEDGE YOU ARE
A FOOL -- YOU NEED NOT DEMONSTRATE
IT EVERY SECOND OF YOUR MISERABLE
LIFE. SPILL HER BLOOD QUICKLY -- IT
IS TIME, MY BEAUTY WANES
WITH THE HOUR.

THE CONTORTIONS OF ANGUISHED PAIN RELAX FROM THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL'S FACE, AND HER FREQUENT YICKING CEASES LONG BEFORE THE LAST OF HER BLOOD IS PUMPED INTO THE EXQUISITELY CARVED BATHTUB. THE DWARF MORDE IS ANXIOUS TO PLEASE HIS MISTRESS, AND FOLLOWS THE USUAL PROCEDURE OF HOISTING THE LIMP CORPSE OVER HIS SHAGGY SHOULDER.



LEAVE NOW, MORDE. I WOULD BATHE -- AND HAVE THE BEAUTY WHICH COURSED THROUGH THE GIRL'S BLOOD SEEP INTO MY OWN BODY.

HYEH HYEH, YEE COUNTESSA, NONE THERE IS MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN YOU, FAIR MISTRESS -- IF THERE IS MORDE TAKES THEIR BEAUTY AND GIVES IT TO YOU. I WILL PUT THIS ONE WITH THE OTHERS. COUNTESSA, HAVE A PLEASANT BATH.

THE WHISPERING RUSTLE OF THE ELEGANT ROBE SLIDES OVER THE COUNTESSA'S SKIN -- SKIN WHICH IS NO LONGER BLESSED WITH THE CONSISTENCY OF SHEER SATIN, WHICH IS INSTEAD DRINKING LIKE ASSED PARACHUTANT AND BEGINNING TO CRACK LIKE SAE.



I SHALL NOT LOSE MY BEAUTY. IN MY YOUTH, MY BEAUTY OBTAINED THIS CASTLE FOR ME, SECURED ME WEALTH, INFLUENCE, POWER. NOW THOSE IN THE NEW REGIME SPURN ME, JUDGE ME OLD AND UNDESIRABLE. IT IS NO CONCOENCE THAT THE DYNASTIES OF MY BEAUTY RUNS PARALLEL TO THEIR FADING INTEREST IN ME, AND ALSO FOREBODS A FADING OF MY POWER.

THE BATH IS WARM, AND THICK, COMFORTING TO THE COUNTESSA'S SKIN, BUT EVEN THE VISCOSITY OF THIS HELLISH BATH LIQUID CANNOT MATCH THE THICK DETERMINATION WHICH FORGES A MADMOMAN'S RESOLVE...



BUT THE BLOOD MUST REPLENISH MY BEAUTY QUICKLY. NO LONGER CAN I WIDE THE DISAPPEARANCE OF BEAUTIFUL GIRLS UNDER THE PRETENSE OF THE GUILLOTINE... THE PEOPLE, AND THE GOVERNMENT, BECOME WISE -- THOSE WHO DIE UNDER THE GUILLOTINE DO SO IN PUBLIC DISPLAYS, AS EXAMPLES. BUT THE GIRLS MORDE ABDUCTS ARE NEVER SEEN UPON THE PLATFORM...



ALREADY THEY SPEAK OF THE VAMPIRE IN THE CASTLE, AND THE EXPERIENCE OF REPEAT IS FRESH IN THEIR MINDS. HOW LONG BEFORE THEY TAKE UP ARMS AND FIRE-BRANDS IN THEIR MARCH UPON MY CASTLE?

SURELY, THE COUNTESSA BELIEVES THE BEAUTY IN THE SLAIN GIRL'S BLOOD HAS HAD SUFFICIENT TIME TO SOAK THROUGH THE PORES OF HER OWN BODY. NOW IS THE TIME TO COMPLETE THE GHASTLY RITUAL -- TO DRINK THE BLOOD SO THAT ITS EFFECTIVENESS WORKS FROM WITHIN AS WELL AS WITHOUT...

THE BLOOD **MUST** BE WORKING -- I AM STILL BEAUTIFUL. NONE CAN DENY THAT -- BUT IT TAKES TOO LONG. I CONTINUE TO ASSE. I MUST REVISIT THE PROCESS -- FIND THE ONE DETAIL I HAVE OVERLOOKED. THERE **MUST** BE A WAY.



IS THERE EVER A MOMENT WHEN TIME CEASES TO PASS? FOR THE COUNTESS, THE PASSING YEARS HAVE BROUGHT ONLY THE RUGS OF THE AGING PROCESS, AND FOR A SLUMBERING GIRL WHOSE FACE IS WREATHED IN WISPS OF GOLDEN DRESDRESS IT HAS BROUGHT ONLY LONELINESS AND A VACUUM OF LOVE AND DEIGNOR ...



THOUGH IMMENSE IT IS, THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL SOON REALIZES THAT WITHIN A PRISON SHE HAS AWAKENED...



SHE AWAKENS, UNSPEAKABLY VULNERABLE WITHIN THE WEST COMPINES OF THIS ARCHED AND VAULTED ROOM.

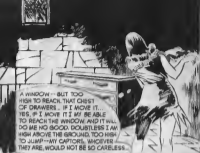


...AND SITS UP ON THE LUXURIANT COVERLETS OF A STRANGE BED -- IN A STRANGE ROOM...



WHERE AM I? HELP ME, DEAR GOD! WHO IS OUT THERE? WHY AM I HERE?!





A WINDOW-- BUT TOO HIGH TO REACH. THAT CHEST OF DRAWERS... IF I MOVE IT... YES, IF I MOVE IT I MAY BE ABLE TO REACH THE WINDOW. AND IT WILL DO ME NO GOOD. DOUBTLESS I AM HIGH ABOVE THE GROUND. TOO HIGH TO JUMP--MY CAPTORS, WHICHEVER THEY ARE, WOULD NOT BE SO CARELESS.



BUT AT LEAST I MAY LOOK OUTSIDE-- DETERMINE WHERE THIS PRISON IS LOCATED. MAYBE CALL OUT TO SOMEONE BELOW.

BUT AS THE GIRL CLIMBERS UP THE BAROQUE CHEST OF DRAWERS



FORGET THE WINDOW--



THIS OFFERS A FAR BETTER CHANCE OF ESCAPE!



A COLD WIND RIPS THROUGH THE OPENED TRAP-DOOR, TEARS AT HER THIN DRESS, ENVELOPING HER IN A SEVERE CHILL WHICH CONFUSES THE GOOSEFLESH OF HER DREAD...



KNOWING NOT WHAT AWAITS AT THE FOOT OF THESE RICKETY STAIRS, I KNOW ONLY THAT I CANNOT REMAIN CAGED IN THE ROOM ABOVE. THE INTENT AND PURPOSE OF THE ROOM IS KNOWN-- BUT THESE STAIRS OFFER POSSIBILITIES WHICH MAY NOT BE MALICIOUS...



APPREHENSION CLOBS THE GIRL'S THROAT, FORCES BREATH IN SHORT GASPS OF TIMID EXPECTATION. THE BELIEF IN ESCAPE BOLSTERS HER COURAGE AND A PROBING, TESTING FOOT REACHES THE GLOOMY, SHROUDED BOTTOM OF THE STAIRWAY...

DARK... BUT MY EYES WILL ADJUST TO THE GLOOM. THERE ARE CORRIDORS, ONE OF THEM PERHAPS A PATHWAY TO ESCAPE...

STANDING BEFORE THE
HONEY-COMBED MATRIX
OF TUNNELS, THE
UNFATHOMABLE BLACKNESS
WRAPS ITSELF AROUND THE
UNCERTAIN GIRL LIKE A
CLOAK OF LIQUID ICE...

...CHOOSE THE
LARGEST CORRIDOR. IF
ITS SIZE DOES INDEED INDICATE
THE IMPORTANCE OF ITS
DESTINATION, THEN I MAY ONLY
HOPE THAT THE IMPORTANCE OF
IT WILL BE IN MY FAVOR AND
NOT... IN THE OPPOSITE.

...BUT WHICH ONE?
LOGIC MAY NOT PICTURE
INTO A CHOICE OF RANDOM
DECISIONS, BUT I CANNOT
IGNORE THE FACT THAT
SOMETHING UNFELLS
ME TO...

THE LOOMING UNKNOWN IN THE
RECESSES OF THE CAVERNOUS Labyrinth,
THE GIRL WINDS HER HELPLESS WAY THROUGH THE
SEEMINGLY INEXHAUSTIBLE TWISTS AND TURNS OF THE MAZE-
LIKE CORRIDOR, RATS SCUTTLE AND CHITTER FROM HER
RESENTFUL STEP FOR SOME REASON CHOOSING TO ENRAGE HER
FROM THEIR VIRULENT BITE; NIGHT-BLACK BUTS FLAP AND
SOAR ABOVE HER HEAD, LEATHERY WINGS BRUSHING
AGAINST HER FLEETING FINGERTIPS...

GOD HELP ME FOR BEING OVERJOYED AT ENCOUNTERING
THESE VERMIN OF THE PIT -- BUT THEIR PRESENCE
PROVES A LINK BETWEEN THIS
CORRIDOR AND THE OUTSIDE!

AND AT LAST THE
SERPENTINE
TUNNEL BREAKS
INTO A
CAVERNOUS ROOM
THE GIRL
QUICKENS HER
STEPS THROUGH
THE LAST FEW
YARDS OF THE
SERPENT'S
BOWELS AND
EMERGES FROM
ITS MOUTH...

THE MASSIVE OAK DOOR RESISTS HER DELICATE
TOUCH, SQUEALS IN PROTEST AT HER INCREASED
EFFORT, AND RELUCTANTLY GRATES UPON ITS
HINGES...

IT IS NOT THE
OUTSIDE -- DAYLIGHT IS
STILL SHUT FROM ME, BUT
THAT DOOR -- PERHAPS IT IS
THE LAST BARRIER TO
SALVATION...

K-K-K-R-E-E-E-E-E-K-K

A PETID, PUNGBENT CHARNEL HOUSE
SWEETSICENT ISSUES FROM THE
OPENING DOOR, BRUTALLY ASSAILING
THE GIRLS' DILATED NOSTRILS, AND
HER SENSES SHRIEVE IN SHAKING
HORROR AT THE SIGHT WHICH
CONFRONTS HER DISTENDED EYES.
FIRST WITH REVULSION, THEN WITH
NUMBED COMPREHENSION SHE LOOKS
UPON THE GRISLY CORPSES, SOME
ROTTING IN MOLDERED TATTERS OF
ONCE-BEAUTIFUL FLESH, SOME BARELY
DEAD AND BEAUTIFUL IN A MACABRE
WAY, AND ALL OF THEM FEMMINE...



LINE GLASS BROWN IN RESERVE HER MEMORY
COLLECTS UPON ITSELF GATHERING A GROWING
PATTERN OF SIGNIFICANCE, AND ULTIMATELY
MOLDING INTO A SYMBOLIC PAST...

I REMEMBER NOW -- REMEMBER
YESTERDAY. THE DAY I WAS FINALLY
CERTAIN MY SISTER HAD BEEN
REDAEMED. TWO WEEKS IS LONG ENOUGH
FOR ANY GAUGE OF CERTAINTY. I REMEMBER
MY ANGER, AND MY WORDS SCOUTED FROM
THAT PITIFUL PODIUM ...

LISTEN TO ME, PEOPLE!
MY SISTER WAS BEEN STOLEN
FROM ME -- JUST AS YOUR
SISTERS, WIVES, AND DAUGHTERS
HAVE BEEN STOLEN FROM YOU!
MY SISTER DID NOTHING TO
ANGER THE NEW REGIME -- AND
SHE WAS NOT SEEN ON THE
GUILLOTINE !

DEAR GOD
IN HEAVEN, NOW I
KNOW -- NOW I KNOW WHY I
HAVE BEEN ABDUCTED AND
TAKEN HERE. AND THE
KNOWLEDGE IS MORE THAN
I CAN BEAR -- MORE THAN
ANYONE CAN BE ASKED
TO BEAR !



"THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOMEONE IN THE AUDIENCE WHO CONGREGATED AROUND MY WORDS-- SOMEONE FROM THE CASTLE, A SERVANT, LADY, WHATEVER... BUT SOMEONE WHO WOULD BRING NEWS TO..."

THE COUNTESSA! SHE IS THE ONE WHO ABDUCTED MY SISTER-- FORMER QUASTLY RITES! SHE IS THE ONE WHO HAS ABDUCTED YOUR GIRLS! HOW LONG ARE WE TO WAIT? HOW MANY MORE GIRLS MUST BE VICTIMS OF THE HORRIBLE RITUALS WITHIN THAT DEPRAVED CASTLE? WHEN DO WE DO SOMETHING??



"AND I REMEMBER HOW THE CROWD FAILED TO RESPOND-- AND THEREBY GAVE VENT TO MY DESPONDENCE, A WAVE OF BITTER HELPLESSNESS WHICH I ATTEMPTED TO DROWN IN THE OBLIVION OF DRINK..."

SHE GONE... NO MORE SISTER... NEVER SEE AGAIN... DRUNK ANYWAY... KILL COUNTESSA... MUST KILL HER... THAT WOULD SHOW HER... STOP HER... MUST HAVE ANOTHER DRINK... ANOTHER DEATH... KILL COUNTESSA...



AND DROWN MY THOUGHTS I DID-- AT LEAST CONSCIOUSLY, BUT DEEP WITHIN ME SEETHED THE URGENT DESIRE TO RID THE WORLD OF THE DISBOULG COUNTESSA. THE LAST THING I REMEMBER IS STAGGERING FROM THE TAVERN, AND PASSING A GROTESQUE FACE...



HELLO... FUNNY MAN... FUNNY LITTLE MAN... YOU'RE SO UGLY... UGLY LITTLE MAN... YOU DRUNK TOO, UGLY LITTLE MAN?... SHOULD BE... MAKES YOU FORGET...

THE MEMORIES HALT THEN, WHERE DRINK HAD ENDED THEM, AND CONJECTURE IS THE BRUSH WHICH ADMINISTERS THE FINAL STROKES TO THE PICTURE OF DAWNING TERROR...

I MUST HAVE WANDERED DRUNK-- UNTIL THE COUNTESSA OR HER HENCHMEN CAPTURED AND IMPRISONED ME IN THAT-- OH NO-- I WAS RIGHT! I WAS RIGHT! THE FOLKS WOULDN'T LISTEN TO ME!!



MY SISTER, OH, MY SISTER! YOU HAVE DIED IN VAIN FOR THE TWISTED DELUSIONS OF A MADWOMAN! WOULD THAT I COULD AVENGE YOUR DEATH-- BUT NOW, I FEAR I WILL SOON JOIN YOU. OBEY SISTER, IN WHATEVER HEREFTER DESTINY HOLDS FOR US...

BUT THE PRIMITIVE SENSE OF SELF-PRESERVATION SEIZES THE GRIEVING GIRL, AND COMPELS HER TO CATCH AT THE TENACIOUS FIBERS OF HER LIFE. ON TREMBLING LEGS, SHE BACKS FROM THE APPALLING SIGHT OF HER DEAD SISTER INTO THE OUTER CHAMBER, INTO DANGER...



AND YET, MY SLAIN SISTER, THERE MAY STILL BE A WAY TO ESCAPE THIS DEATH PIT--AND RETURN ANOTHER DAY TO ACHIEVE THE RETRIBUTION I SO LUST FOR... PERHAPS ONE OF THE OTHER CORRIDORS WILL...

THE REPUGNANT FEATURES OF THE TWISTED DWARF STRIKE A CHORD OF THRILLING PANIC WITHIN THE GIRL'S HEAVING BREAST. ABRUPTLY, SHE SPINS AND BOLTS DOWN THE SINUOUSLY WINDING CORRIDOR... WITH THE DWARF IN SCRABBLING PURSUIT...



NO! YOU WON'T DO TO ME WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO MY SISTER -- I'LL ESCAPE -- RALLY THE PEOPLE -- BURN THIS DEVENTED CASTLE TO THE GROUND!

... THE BAKING PILE OF CRACKED, FILTHY TALONS AND THE BRUISING IMPACT OF TWISTING LIMBS COLLIDING WITH THE CORRIDOR FLOOR...



HYEH HYEH, NOW, MY LITTLE PRETTY ONE, NOW YES, RIGHT NOW, I THINK, YOU SHALL MEET THE COUNTESSA

SHE WISHES HER BATH, HYEH HYEH.

AFTER A SUBJECTIVE ETERNITY OF HELPLESS JOURNINGS UPON THE DWARF'S SHOULDER, AFTER BEING BORNE UP STAIRWAY AFTER INTERMINABLE STAIRWAY, AFTER THE CEASELESS CACKLING OF A DERANGED MANIAC, THE GIRL IS SET ON HER FEET BEFORE THE CRUEL COUNTESSA...

... LEAD YOU TO MORDE, HYEH HYEH, ALL CORRIDORS LEAD TO MORDE. I AM MORDE. I SERVE THE BELOVED COUNTESSA. I PRESERVE HER BEAUTY WITH MY SKILLFUL HANDS. MORDE IS SKILLFUL. MORDE IS SMART. YOU ESCAPED THE ROOM ABOVE. YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE MORDE.



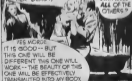
YOU! IN THE TAVERN--! YOU ABDUCTED ME!

BUT THIS WRETCHED CARICATURE OF A MAN WAS BORN IN THE LABYRINTH CORRIDORS OF THIS SUBTERRANEAN MAZE -- PERHAPS THE LOW STUNTING CEILINGS ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS GROTESQUELY STUNTED HEIGHT--AND HE KNOWS THE CORRIDORS WELL. THE MADFLIGHT IS SHORT, ABORTED WITH THE GROUNDING PAIN OF GNARLED HANDS UPON A SMOOTH SHOULDER...



NOOOO!

HERE IS THE ONE, BELOVED COUNTESSA HERE IS THE ONE WHO WOULD KILL YOU, I HEARD HER. HYEH, HYEH, I HEARD HER IN THE VILLAGE MYSELF, AND ISN'T IT GOOD, COUNTESSA, ISN'T IT EVER SO GOOD THAT HER BEAUTY SURPASSES ALL OF THE OTHERS?



YES MORDE IT IS GOOD -- BUT THIS ONE WILL BE DIFFERENT THIS ONE WILL WORK -- THE BEAUTY OF THIS ONE WILL BE EFFECTIVELY TRANSMUTED INTO MY BOOK

PUT AWAY THAT KNIFE, YOU STUPID POOL! IF YOUR UNLATTERABLE USURERS DID NOT CONTRAST SO WELL WITH MY BEAUTY I WOULD KILL YOU IMMEDIATELY! THIS ONE'S BEAUTY MUST NOT BE MARRED BY THE KNIFE-- AT LEAST NOT YET, I SAID THIS ONE WOULD BE DIFFERENT...



THE LIFE OF THIS ONE MUST NOT LEAVE HER BODY WITH HER BLOOD-- THE BEAUTY ESCAPES THAT WAY, AND THE BLOOD IS USELESS TO ME. THIS ONE MUST DIE WITH HER BLOOD STILL *INSIDE* THE VESSEL OF HER PERFECT FORM. THERE MUST NOT BE ONE TINY FLAW UPON HER BODY NOW TAKE HER AWAY-- KILL HER-- BUT DO NOT MARK HER!



YOU'RE MAD! YOU CANNOT TRANSMIT BEAUTY FROM ONE PERSON TO ANOTHER, BEAUTY LIVES *WITHIN* A PERSON-- BUT NOT IN THE BLOOD! IT IS DEEPER WITHIN THAN THAT! YOU ENSOBBY EVERYTHING VILE WHICH BEAUTY *SPURNS*-- YET EVEN THOUGH I WILL DIE NOW FOR YOUR MAD

ENDS, KNOW THIS-- I WILL CURSE YOU WITH MY DYING BREATH AND LAURET THAT I COULD NOT END YOUR DEPRAVED EXISTENCE!



TAKE HER AWAY, MORDE. SHE SICKENS ME WITH HER INSOLENCE, STRANGLE HER OR SOMETHING, BUT DO NOT BRUISE HER NECK-- KILL HER, ANY WAY YOU CAN-- BUT DO NOT MAR HER!

THE COUNTESSA CURS HER AGING HANDS, BENDS TO SIP THE WARM SCARLET FLUID...

MORDE-- THIS BLOOD TASTES... DIFFERENT... WHAT DID YOU DO-- HOW DID YOU KILL HER?

KYEH KYEH, YOU WILL BE PROUD OF ME COUNTESSA. I WAS SMART, OH, SO SMART I DID NOT MARK HER. I USED POISON, FOR THE RATS-- IT WAS VERY EFFECTIVE. IT WAS, IT TRAVELLED THROUGH HER BLOODSTREAM TO HER HEART QUICKLY, VERY QUICKLY, KYEH KYEH!



P-POISON...
ACHHHH--
GGGAAAGGK...
aaah!

AND SO THE PHARF MURDERS THE GIRL, AND SHE DIES SUFFERING MORE FROM THE FACT THAT THE COUNTESSA WILL LIVE THAN FROM THE ACTUAL PAIN OF DEATH. HER CORPSE IS BROUGHT TO THE COUNTESSA'S CHAMBER, HER THROAT SLASHED, AND HER BLOOD SPILLED INTO THE GILDED TUB. THE COUNTESSA BATHES...

YOU DID WELL, MORDE. SHE DIED WITHOUT A WOUND.



THIS TIME WILL BE DIFFERENT-- I CAN SENSE IT THIS WILL BE THE LAST TIME I WILL BATHE AND DRINK IN THE BLOOD OF FOOLISH YOUNG GIRLS...

AND THE LETHAL DOSE OF POISON REMAINED IN THE GIRL'S BLOOD-- FOR THE COUNTESSA TO DRINK THE GIRL'S MOST FERVENT DESIRE, NOW ACHIEVED BY HER VERY DEATH, DOES NOT BRING THE EULIATION OF TRIUMPH TO THE MUTE CORPSE LYING ON THE MARBLE FLOOR... BUT IN SOME OTHER, UNKNOWN PLACE TWO SISTERS SHARE A SECRET AND VERY SATISFIED THEY SMILE...



IT IS SAID THAT THERE IS "SAFETY IN NUMBERS"...SAFETY FROM WHAT? SAFETY FROM THE UNAVAILABLE FORMENT GAWING AT THAT POOR WRETCH'S NERVE ENDS?...LOOK AT HIM AS HE IS DRAGGED--LIKE THAT SHATTERED REMNANT OF HUMANITY HE IS-- INTO THE AMBULANCE...WHERE INDEED HE WILL FACE MORE THAN THE EYE NOW SEES...LIFE AND UNDEATH WE CALL...

EDITOR'S NOTE:
THIS STORY HAS TO GO DOWN AS ONE OF THE MOST GROSSOUTE, HORRIBLE TALES EVER WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED! YET IT HOLDS A FASCINATION THAT MADE US READ IT THROUGHL...AND SO, WE WANT TO SHARE IT WITH YOU!

COUNTY HOSPITAL

LIMB FROM LIMB FROM DEATH!

SAFE THOUGH ALL SAFETY'S LOST SAFE WHERE MEN RALLY AND IF THESE POOR LIMBS OWE SAFEST OF ALL IT TRAIL YOUR SENSE OF MORAL OUTRAGE IN THIS RARE ROMANCE ABOUT A MAN AND HIS LOST LIMBS...



PABLO MARCO

AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...OF THE AGONIZING HORROR OF UNSPEAKABLE PAIN THAT GRIPS MEN'S HEARTS AND RIPS FROM THEM ALL VESTIGE OF ORDER AND SANITY! THREE MEN, MARoonED ON THE PROVERBIAL DESERT ISLAND MINUS THE ISLAND...AND TO THEM...
AS MOST ALL IS LOST...

ART BY PABLO MARCO



FACE IT...WE'RE RANDED...WHAT WAS TO BE A PLEASANT EXPEDITION TO OUR VACATION TURNED OUT TO CAUSE OUR DEATH!

THAT WINDSTORM THAT SUDDENLY BLEW UP...RIPPED UP OUR CAMP...NOW WE'VE NO GAS LEFT...NO FOOD...WE'RE DEAD MEN...DEAD IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SAHARA DESERT!



SO WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?

WHAT CAN WE DO... NOTHING... JUST SIT AND WAIT... MAYBE A RESCUE PLANE WILL COME OUT LOOKING FOR US...

WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING... WE CAN'T JUST... LIE HERE WAITING TO DIE... HELPLESS!

BUT WE ARE HELPLESS! WHAT A WAY TO DIE... WE HARDLY EVEN KNOW ONE ANOTHER...



UNTIL JUST A FEW DAYS AGO WHEN WE MET IN THAT HOTEL LOBBY IN CAIRO AND DECIDED TO MAKE THIS INSANE TRIP ACROSS A RUDDY DESERT!

NOBODY THOUGHT IT WAS INSANE AT THE TIME... WITH THE KNOWLEDGE OF THAT ARCHEOLOGICAL FIND 100 MILES NORTH OF HERE.



...WE WERE ALL OF US INTERESTED IN IT. WE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE INTERESTING TO VISIT IT...

BUT WE'RE NOT NATIVES... AND WE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THESE SUDDEN SANDSTORMS... IT CRIPPLED US... TOOK OUR FOOD LIKE A TORNADO TWISTER. GOD KNOWS WHERE IT IS NOW!

THIS... SO CALLED REMARKING ISN'T GOING TO DO ANY GOOD. WE NEED FOOD... WE NEED FOOD... OR WE'LL STARVE!

WE'VE BEEN TALKING LIKE THIS FOR THREE DAYS NOW. THERE'S NO ANSWER...

BUT THERE IS A WAY GENTLEMEN... THERE IS ONE WAY...

...AND THAT IS... WE CAN EAT OURSELVES!

YOU'RE INSANE... YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY INSANE!

WAIT A MINUTE... HERE HIM OUT... HE'S A DOCTOR REMEMBER MAX? HE MAY HAVE A WAY!



HE'S RIGHT MAX... I'M A DOCTOR... I CAN AMPUTATE A LIMB... WE CAN EAT... STAY ALIVE AT LEAST UNTIL HELP DOES COME... THEY'LL FIND US EVENTUALLY!

BUT WHO WILL IT BE... IT CAN'T BE YOU... YOU NEED YOUR HANDS... WE'LL HAVE TO... TO DRAW STRAWS FOR IT!

AND SO AN AGREEMENT IS SET BETWEEN THE DOCTOR AND HIS "PATIENTS"... THEY DRAW STRAWS TO SEE WHO WILL GO FIRST... WHO WILL BE THE FIRST TO LOSE A LIMB... AND IT IS THE BAD FORTUNE OF THE MAN CALLED EDGAR WILDE FOR IT TO BE HIM...



WHY ME... WHY AM I FIRST?

THE STRAWS WERE DRAWN FAIRLY, YOU AGREED... TOMORROW IF NO HELP COMES... IT WILL BE MAX'S TURN.



BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU... IT'S NOT FAIR... WHAT ABOUT YOU...

I... I MUST BE MAD... BUT I PROMISE YOU THIS... IF WE DO GET TO CIVILIZATION... I WILL HAVE MY ARM AMPUTATED TO MAKE OUR "CONTRIBUTION" EQUAL... I'LL HAVE MY ARM TAKEN OFF!

NOW, BEFORE I SAY ANYTHING ELSE THAT I KNOW I'LL REGRET... YOUR ARM... HOLD HIM STILL MAX... THE PAIN WILL BE VERY BAD... I HAVE NO ANESTHETIC... AND HE'LL BE IN AGONY!



HOLD HIM... HOLD HIM... HIS ARM'S NOT OFF YET...

EEEEAAAAAUGH!!!

...AND SO SOME HOURS LATER...

THIS... IS
GROSS...
HORRIBLE!

BUT...
PEELING!

I'D HEARD
PEOPLE SAY... THAT
HUMAN FLESH WAS
DISTASTFUL...
BUT IT'S NOT...
IT'S REALLY
QUITE PLEASANT!

FOR GOD'S
SAKE MAX...
THAT'S MY FLESH
YOUR EATING... DO
YOU HAVE TO TALK
ABOUT IT AS... AS IF
IT'S A LEE OF LAMB!

WELL... I AT LEAST HAVE
ONE CONSOLATION... AT
LEAST IT WORKED... IT'S
BEEN TWO DAYS SINCE...
SINCE MY ARM'S BEEN
OFF AND WE'RE STILL
ALIVE... WE SHOULD
BE DEAD!

BUT NOW
WE'RE DOWN
TO LICKING THE
BONE... NOW
WE NEED...
ANOTHER
ARM!

...AND IT IS TIME
AGAIN... MAXWELL
SQUIRMS... HE SAW
THE AGONY OF WILDE
AS HIS ARM WAS
REMOVED... HE SAW
THE DOCTOR SWAB
A PINT OF BLOOD
AS IT OUSHED FROM
THE WOUND... AND
HE KNOWS... HE
KNOWS THAT HE IS
NEXT!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE...
HE'S STRUGGLING
LIKE HE'S
MAD!

HOLD HIM...
SIT ON HIM IF
YOU HAVE TO
BUT HOLD
HIM DOWN!

OH MY GOD...
THE PAIN...
THE PAIN...

IT WILL FADE...
AS WILL THE HARSH
MEMORY OF WHAT
HAS HAPPENED...
COME... AND EAT...
YOU NEED THE
NOURISHMENT!

YOU'RE PROMISE STEWARD...
YOU SWORE... WHEN OR IF... WE
ARE RESCUED... REMEMBER
YOUR OATH TO US!

I... WILL
REMEMBER...
I SWEAR IT...

THAT NOISE...
LIKE A FAINT
HUMMING...
WHAT'S THAT
NOISE?

A PLANE...
LOOK...
WE'VE
BEEN
SAVED!



IT'S A MIRACLE...
A BLOODY
MIRACLE!

I NEVER
THOUGHT... I
REALLY NEVER...
HONESTLY...
THOUGHT WE'D
BE SAVED!

BUT THIS
DOESN'T
CHANGE THINGS
STEWART... NOT
FOR YOU...

"NOT FOR YOU... YOU
SWORE TO US...
REMEMBER? WE WANT
THAT ARM... WE WANT
IT STEWART... DON'T
TRY AND SQUIRM
OUT OF IT!"
CRUEL WORDS.
UNCIVILIZED WORDS
--AREN'T THEY DOCTOR
FREDRICH STEWART--
NOW THAT YOU'RE
BACK IN YOUR
'CIVILIZED' BOSTON...
BUT YOU HAVE A
COMMITMENT TO
FULFILL AND YOU'VE
BEEN GIVE ONE WEEK!

I'VE GOT TO
TRICK THEM SOMEHOW...
BUT NOW!... UNLESS...
OF COURSE... ALL
THEY WANT IS AN
ARM... THEY'LL NEVER SEE
ME AGAIN... THEY
DON'T HAVE TO
KNOW IT'S NOT
MY ARM!

IT'S EASY
FOR ME TO
GET A LIMB

CITY MORTUARY

AS A DOCTOR...
I CAN GET ANY PART
OF THE ANATOMY
I WANT FOR RESEARCH
AND STUDY... AND
NOBODY WILL EVER
KNOW MY REAL
PURPOSE!

THE DOCTOR IS
TRIUMPHANT... AND
AS HE BUNDLES UP
THE TWO PACKAGES
OF HUMAN LIMBS
FOR MAILING TO HIS
FORMER "PARTNERS"
THE SENSE OF FRIGHT
LEAVES HIM AND A
GLOATING SATISFACTION
COMES... FOR HE
HAS THWARTED AN
OATH!

PROFESSOR WILLIAM
MAXWELL, UNIVERSITY
OF BROCKSHIRE, KENT,
ENGLAND. AH, THAT
DOES IT NOW... READY
FOR MAILING! THEY'LL
EACH GET A HALF OF
MY 'SEVERED ARM'
AND BE NONE
THE WISER!

DARLING...
WHAT'S WRONG...
YOU LOOK AS IF
YOU'RE IN PAIN...
WHAT'S THE
MATTER?

I DON'T KNOW...
IT'S MY ARM... FEELS
LIKE SOMETHING'S
GNAWING AWAY AT IT...
EXCUSE ME FOR
A MINUTE!

IT'S GETTING WORSE... MY
GOD... IT'S GETTING WORSE
BEFORE MY VERY EYES...
MY FINGERS... THE FLESH IS
FALLING OFF... DRIPPING
OFF LIKE SLUDGE!

LOOK... LOOK AT
MY ARM... SOMEONE
HELP ME...
SOMEONE HELP
ME PLEASE... MY
ARM IS FALLING
APART!

DEAR GOD...
THIS CAN'T BE
HAPPENING...
IT'S NOT EVEN
POSSIBLE...
SCABS... OVER
MY ARM... AND
THE PAIN...
HARDLY BEARABLE!

...LIMB FROM LIMB... FROM A **FATE** FAR WORSE THAN **DEATH** INDEED... FOR IS IT NOT ALSO SAID THAT THE MAN WHO BREAKS HIS WORD AS A GENTLEMAN IS NO LONGER A MAN AT ALL... BUT A COWERING MOCKERY... A FRAUD OF HUMANITY? AND DOCTOR FREDRICH STEWART KNOWS THIS WELL... FOR IN DENYING HIS MANHOOD... HE HIS DENYING ALSO HIS VERY **SANITY!**

COUNTY HOSPITAL

ADMITTANCE
PSYCHIATRIC WARD

I'VE SEEN
NUTS
BEFORE... OFF
THEIR HEADS...
BUT THIS GUY'S
A REAL **COLD!**

YEH... KEEPS
RANTING ON
AND ON ABOUT
HIS ARM BEING
SOME KIND
OF **BLOODY**
STUMP OR
SOMETHING!

LOOK AT HIM.
PERFECTLY **SANE** AND
HEALTHY GUY YESTERDAY
PROBABLY... MAYBE
JUST SOME **LITTLE**
THING DID THE TRICK...
AND THE OLD MIND
JUST... **SNAPPED!**

SNAPPED... LITTLE THINGS LIKE
ARTERIES AND TENDONS AND VEINS
AND TINY SLENDER LITTLE BONES
AND LOTS OF LITTLE THINGS LIKE
THAT AND... **SNAP!**...

THE
END



IT IS WELL AFTER MIDNIGHT. THE SEERING METAL SHADE ON HIS READING LAMP MOMENTARILY BURNS JOSEPH ELLIOT'S FINGERS AS HE DROWSILY CLOSES HIS STUDY BOOKS ON OCEANOGRAPHY, FLICKS OFF THE LIGHT, AND GROPEs HIS WAY ACROSS THE ROOM TO THE COOL, INVITING COVERS OF HIS BED. AH--SLEEP...BEAUTIFUL, WILL EARNED SLEEP--LAST MINUTE CRAMMING FOR EXAMS HAS MADE EVERY BONE IN HIS TOUGH YOUNG FRAME ACHE WITH PAIN AND YEARN FOR SLEEP... SLEEP...AND THESE ARE HIS DREAMS...

the NIGHTMARE WORLD

of JOSEPH ELLIOT
from SAN FRANCISCO

"A Grave Beneath the Sea!"

BY JOSEPH ELLIOT AS TOLD TO ALAN HEWETSON - ART BY PAINE
THE SECOND SELECTION IN A CONTINUING SKYWALK FEATURE WHERE YOU ARE THE WRITER...
YOU ARE THE DREAMER...AS WE TELL THE STORY OF YOUR...NIGHTMARE WORLD!



I FOUND MYSELF ON THE DECK OF A SMALL SCOTTISH VESSEL ON THE FAMOUS LOCH NESS... PREPARING TO DIVE IN A BELL BEVEATH THE DEPTHS...

I HAD ALWAYS BEEN INTERESTED IN THE SCIENCE OF THE SEA, AND WAS CURRENTLY STUDYING IT IN SCHOOL—NOW I FOUND MYSELF LIVING OUT MY DAY-DREAMS—AS THE WATERS SWIRLED OVER MY HEAD

I HANDED AT THE MAJESTY OF THE OCEAN LIFE—REATING MY KNOWLEDGE FROM BOOKS TO THE REAL THING... SUDDENLY A DARK CLOUD OVERSHADOWED THE BELL... MY HEART LEAPED INTO MY STOMACH...

THE THING THAT CAME INTO VIEW COULD BE NOTHING OTHER THAN THE LOCH NESS MONSTER ITSELF... IT WAS GIGANTIC... SOME KIND OF MUTANT EEL HUNDREDS OF FEET LONG...

MY DIVING BELL LUNCHED AND BOUNCED IN THE WATERS AS THE SEA SERPENT SLASHED THE AIR CABLES...

ITS TEETH SLICED THROUGH THE THICK STEEL COATING OF THE BELL... MISSING AIR BY A FEW INCHES... INCREDIBLE



AS THE
WATERS RUSHED
INTO THE CABIN MY
CRYING LUNGS GASPED
FOR AIR...

I COULD
DO NOTHING
BUT SCREAM
AND SCREAM
AND SCREAM AS THE
SERPENT OPENED ITS
HORRIBLE JAWS TO
WELCOME ITS
LUNCH...ME



BUT I WAS NOT SWALLOWED...
NO! DID I DROWN... NIGHTMARES
HAVE NO RHYME OR REASON...



AT THE
ENTRANCE TO
ITS LAIR, 4
GROTESQUE OFF-
SPRING SLITHERED AND
WRITHED... MY GOD... WAS I
TO BE A MEAL FOR THEM?...



NO... NO SUCH MERCIFUL FATE WAS TO
BE MINE... INSTEAD THE MONSTER
CRAWLED ON THE OCEAN FLOOR... I
NOTICED FOR THE FIRST TIME A KIND
OF SADDLE UPON ITS NECK...
IF IT CAN BE SAID
IT HAD A NECK...



...AS I MOUNTED THE
SADDLE I FELT MOVEMENT
BENEATH ME... TO MY HORROR
I REALIZED THE SADDLE WAS A
GROSSLY MISPLACED AS I CLUNG
TO MYSTERY REIGNS
THAT SUPPORTED
MY HANDS
...

RIDING UPON
THE BACK OF
THE SEA SERPENT
UPON THAT VILE SADDLE I
PRAYED FOR DEATH--A FAST
DEATH--AN EASY DEATH--
AN IMMEDIATE DEATH IN A
GRAVE BENEATH
THE SEA!

AFTER WHAT SEEMED HOURS THE MUTANT THING SURFACED--
AND MADE FOR A NEARBY BEACH WHERE STUNNED VILLAGERS
WATCHED IN DISBELIEF...

THE BEAST SLITHERED
UPON THE SHORE WITH
ME ASTRIDE HIM--BUT
THE VILLAGERS DID NOT
RUN--THEY WERE NOT
FRIGHTENED OF THE
SPECTACLE WHICH
CONFRONTED THEM

RATHER...
THEY BROKE
INTO FITS OF
HYSTERICAL
LAUGHTER...

IT WAS THEN... THEN GOD--
THAT I MANAGED--I WAS
PROSTRATE--TOTALLY SWIMMING
IN A SEA OF SWEET SWIMMING
OLD MEN OF THE BEACH
...DID I FIND
REST?

The End



WHAT DOES YOUR BEDROOM LOOK LIKE? OR YOUR LIVING ROOM, OR DEN OR WHATEVER... IS IT DEVOID OF THE MAD-EMOTIONAL **HORROR-MOOD**? IT'S A **SHAME**...BECAUSE FOR A MERE **FRACTION** OF THE CHANGE YOU NOW HAVE IN YOUR POCKET YOU CAN DECORATE (AND **DESECRATE**) EVERY ROOM IN YOUR HOUSE WITH THESE **ARCHAIC POSTERS** FROM HOLLYWOOD'S YESTER-YEARS...

THE ORIGINAL LUGOSI **DRACULA** AND KARLOFF **FRANKENSTEIN** THEATER POSTERS CAN NOW BE **YOURS**... FOR ONLY \$1.50 APIECE (PLUS 50 ¢ POSTAGE AND HANDLING) THE GUY IN OUR MAIL ROOM (OR THE GAL IN OUR FEMALE ROOM) WILL SHIP THESE MAJESTIC MEMORY MOMENTS TO YOU (21" x 29" IN **FULL COLOR**) IN A **CARDBOARD TUBE**...

...THE **TUBE** IS ALMOST AS MUCH FUN AS THE **POSTERS**...

SKYWALD POSTERS Rm 1501
18 EAST 41 ST STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

ENCLOSED IS \$.....FOR **FRANKENSTEIN** ☐
DRACULA ☐

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

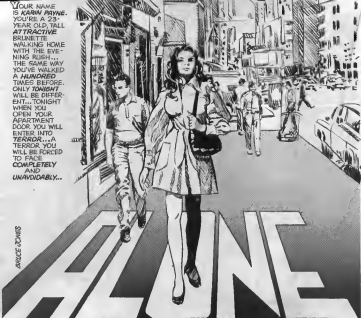
CITY AND STATE.....

ZIP.....

MANIACAL MoVie POSTERS

YOUR NAME
IS KARM PAYNE.
YOU'RE A 23-
YEAR OLD, TALL
ATTRACTIVE
BRUNETTE
WALKING HOME
WITH THE EVE-
NING RUSH...
THE SAME WAY
YOU'VE WALKED
A HUNDRED
TIMES BEFORE.
ONLY TONIGHT
WILL BE DIFFER-
ENT... TONIGHT
WHEN YOU
OPEN YOUR
APARTMENT
DOOR, YOU WILL
ENTER INTO
TERROR... A
TERROR YOU
WILL BE FORCED
TO FACE
COMPLETELY
AND
UNAVOIDABLY...

ARICE JONES





HELLO KARIN...
ARE YOU READY
TO DINE?

CLICK!



WHAT?
WHO IS THIS?
HELLO...
HELLO...



PROBABLY SOME
CRACKPOTS IDEA
OF AN OBSCENE
PHONE CALL...BUT
HOW DID HE KNOW
MY NAME...?



WELL I'M NOT
GOING TO WORRY
ABOUT IT NOW...ALL
I WANT AT THIS
MOMENT IS A NICE
HOT BATH...



AH-H-H!
THIS IS MORE
LIKE IT!



M-M-M...
WORLD. GO
AWAY...



RING!

OH, COME ON NOW!

GUESS I'D BETTER GET IT...IT MIGHT BE DAVID...

HELLO, KARM STILL ALIVE? MY I THOUGHT YOU'D BE DEAD BY NOW...

WHOEVER THIS IS, I DON'T FIND YOUR LITTLE GAME FUNNY IN THE LEAST AND IF YOU CALL AGAIN I'LL NOTIFY THE POLICE!

THE POLICE? THERE'S NOTHING THE POLICE CAN DO...THERE'S NOTHING ANYONE CAN DO...IN A VERY FEW MINUTES YOU'LL BE DEAD!
POCK!

HELLO?... HE HUNG UP AGAIN, I'D BETTER CALL DAVID...

HM-M... NO ANSWER... HE MUST BE OUT ON CALL...

OH WELL, NO POINT IN BOTHERING HIM OVER A STUPID PHONE CALL ANYWAY.



MAYBE IT WAS DAVID
PHONING, PLAYING A
PRACTICAL JOKE...NO, HE
WOULDN'T DO A THING
LIKE THAT...



...NOT TWO WEEKS
BEFORE HE
MARRIES ME!



TWO WEEKS...WHY
COULDN'T IT BE NOW,
DARLING? WHY COULDN'T
YOU BE HERE BESIDE ME,
HOLDING ME CLOSE...
M-M...

**RING!
RING!**



I WON'T! I
ABSOLUTELY
WON'T ANSWER IT!
I KNOW WHO'S ON
THE OTHER END OF
THAT LINE...





LORD, I'LL NEVER SLEEP NOW... I NEED A CIGARETTE...

WHAT WAS IT HE SAID... "THE GREAT KONAR?" HA-M, KONAR. YES... THAT DOES RING A BELL...

..AND IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO INTRODUCE THE GREAT KONAR!

KONAR... KONAR, NOW I REMEMBER! CHERYL BATTER'S PARTY A FEW MONTHS AGO! SHE HAD A ENTERTAINER THERE ...A HYPNOTIST AND...AND...



THANK YOU. THANK YOU... BEFORE WE BEGIN THE DEMONSTRATION IN HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION, I'LL NEED A VOLUNTEER...

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!



WOULD YOU MIND HELPING US, MIDS...?

ME...?

"KONAR ASKED ME TO LIE UPON THE SOFA AND RELAX COMPLETELY, THEN HE MADE THE OTHER GUESTS LEAVE THE ROOM WHILE HE PUT ME UNDER..."



"I WAS EMBARRASSED BUT CHERYL AND THE OTHERS KEPT INSISTING AND APPLAUDING TILL FINALLY I CONSENTED..."

"WHEN WE WERE ALONE HE HELD A CANDLE ABOVE MY HEAD AND TOLD ME TO WATCH THE FLAME AND LISTEN ONLY TO HIS VOICE..."



"THAT WAS THE LAST THING I REMEMBER BEFORE KONAR AWAKENED ME..."

"CHERYL TOLD ME LATER ABOUT THE ILLUSIONS HE CREATED WHILE I WAS UNDER..."



"I AWAKENED AND REMEMBERED NOTHING, THEN ABOUT AN HOUR LATER..."



AND NOW FOR AN EXPERIMENT IN POST-HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION... KARIN IN ONE HOUR I WILL ASK YOU FOR A CIGARETTE. AT THE SOUND OF THAT WORD YOU WILL IMMEDIATELY ASSUME ALL THE CHARACTERISTICS OF A CHICKEN!

MAY I HAVE A CIGARETTE, PLEASE...?

I'M GOING TO AWAKEN YOU NOW...

HA!
HAHA! HA!

HA!
HA!

SQWAK!
SQWAK!

THANK YOU, KARIN...

"I FELT LIKE A COMPLETE IDIOT..."



I REMEMBER NOW... I HAD AN UNEASY FEELING THROUGH THE ENTIRE PARTY... KONAR KEPT STARING AT ME, WATCHING MY EVERY MOVE. HE MUST BE CRAZY--

STARTING TO REMEMBER NOW, KARIN?... THE PARTY, THE TRICKS? PERHAPS YOU ALSO REMEMBER SOMEONE ELSE, SOMEONE YOU KNEW QUITE WELL... TONY SANDERS...

YOU... YOU KNEW TONY?

RI-I-I-ING!

I'M HIS BROTHER, KARIN, OR WAS HIS BROTHER UNTIL YOU--

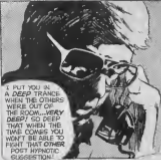
OH, MY GOD!

"REMEMBER THE HEADLINES, KARIN? 'MAN LEAPS TO DEATH FROM APARTMENT BUILDING-- APPARENT SUICIDE.' HE LOVED YOU, KARIN..."

BUT YOU WALKED OUT ON HIM DIDN'T YOU? MY BROTHER WAS IN MEDICAL SCHOOL... HE WAS GOING TO BE A FINE SURGEON SOME DAY, RESPECTED BY HIS FELLOW MAN, BUT YOU, YOU LITTLE TRAMP...

PLEASE... YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...

I UNDERSTAND ALL RIGHT... I'VE SPENT EVERY WAKING HOUR OF THE LAST SIX WEEKS FINDING OUT ALL ABOUT YOU... WHERE YOU LIVE, WHO YOUR FRIENDS ARE, I FINALLY FINAGLED MY WAY INTO THAT PARTY. YES, I'VE STUDIED HYPNOSIS FOR YEARS... AND NOW I'M ABOUT TO PULL OFF MY GREATEST ILLUSION...



I PUT YOU IN
A DEEP TRANCE
WHEN THE OTHERS
WERE OUT OF
THE ROOM...VERY
DEEP! SO DEEP
THAT WHEN THE
TIME COMES YOU
WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO
FIGHT THAT OTHER
POST HYPNOTIC
SUGGESTION!



...OTHER
SUGGESTION?

TODAY IS
**AUG.
12**

I TOLD YOU THEN
THAT YOU WERE GO-
ING TO EXPERIENCE
A VERY FAMILIAR
COMMONPLACE
OCCURRENCE ON AUGUST
12TH... SOMETHING YOU
DO EVERY DAY WITHOUT
THINKING ABOUT IT. A
SIGHT, A SOUND, A
TOUCH...



AND WHEN
DURING THE COURSE
OF YOUR DAILY
ROUTINE, THAT
EXPERIENCE OCCURS
...YOU ARE GOING
TO KILL YOURSELF!

NO!
NO!

STOP IT!

YOU'RE TRYING TO
FRIGHTEN ME! THAT'S ALL
...JUST FRIGHTEN ME!



OH GOD...
WHAT IF IT'S
TRUE? IT COULD
BE ANYTHING! THE
WALLS... THE
FURNITURE...



A SIGHT

NO! NO! I MUSTN'T
LOOK AT ANYTHING.

"A SOUND...
TIC!

TIC! TIC!
TIC! TIC!
TIC! TIC!
TIC TIC TIC
TIC!

I'VE GOT
TO GET OUT OF
THIS APARTMENT...
AWAY FROM
THESE FAMILIAR
OBJECTS!

CRASH!

"A TOUCH..."

NO! THAT'S
WHAT HE WANTS
ME TO DO, LEAVE
THE APARTMENT...
THEN IT WILL
HAPPEN...ON THE
ELEVATOR...IN
THE CAR...



I'VE GOT TO GET
A GRIP ON MYSELF...
GOT TO THINK THIS
OUT WITH A
RATIONAL MIND!

THERE HAD TO
BE A WAY TO GET
OUT OF HERE WITH-
OUT ALERTING THE
SUSPECTION!

THE PHONE! I'VE
ALREADY USED THAT!
IT CAN'T HARM ME!
MAYBE DAVID IS
BACK NOW...

...YES OPERATOR,
I WANT TO SPEAK TO
A MR. DAVID RAMSEY AT
EXTENSION 477...

HELLO?...

HELLO?
HELLO? IS
THAT YOU,
KARIN?

YOU WALK TO THE BALCONY, KARIN PAYNE, TAKING YOUR TIME... KNOWING WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO, YOU ARE CALM NOW, RELAXED, AMAZING HOW AN EVERYDAY THING LIKE THE SOUND OF YOUR FIANCE'S VOICE COULD RELAX YOU SO... COULD MAKE YOU SEEK THE COMFORT OF THE COOL EVENING AIR... YOU SMILE AS YOU CLIMB UPON THE LEDGE...



THE BREEZE STIRS A LOCK OF HAIR INTO THE BLACKNESS. HOW CLEVER OF KONAR TO FIND OUT YOU HAD A BALCONY. THIS WAS HIS IDEA OF POETIC JUSTICE. AND HE WAS RIGHT... YOU HAVE NO WILL TO RESIST. YOU LAUGH, THROW YOUR LEGS OVER THE LEDGE... POISE YOURSELF... AND PUSH! AND YOU ARE GLAD...



GLAD, AS YOU FALL THROUGH SPACE THAT IT IS OVER-- GLAD A MOMENT LATER WHEN DAVID'S STRONG ARMS HELP YOU FROM THE WET LAWN SURROUNDING THE BUILDING...



DARLING, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

GLAD THAT, FOR ALL HIS CLEVERNESS, KONAR FAILED TO NOTICE YOU'D MOVED FROM THE NINETEENTH FLOOR TO THE FIRST... THREE DAYS AGO...





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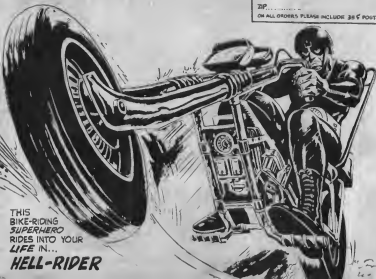
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ON ALL ORDERS PLEASE INCLUDE 35¢ POSTAGE



THIS
BIKE-RIDING
SUPERHERO
RIDES INTO YOUR
LIFE IN...

HELL-RIDER

THERE ARE MANY KINDS OF FIENDS IN THIS WORLD... THERE IS THE COMMON GARDEN-VARIETY VAMPIRE... THERE IS THE NOT-SO-COMMON WEREWOLF... THERE ARE BANT WHO ARE SIMPLY INSANE... AND THEY TOO ARE CALLED FIENDS... THEN THERE ARE GHOSTS, DEVILS, GARGOYLES, TROLLS, CREEPS, AND THE UNDEAD... THIS STORY IS ABOUT NONE OF THESE FIENDS... IT'S ABOUT ANOTHER, LESSER KNOWN KIND OF FIEND... YES, THAT'S HIM PICTURED BELOW!

ART BY GUY AND BOCA

*and
if
a
fiend
should
come
a-callin'...*

... AND SO STARTS OUR TALE ...



HEY KID --
C'MERE -- I GOT
SOMETHING FOR
YOU...

LISTEN KID -- I GOT
SOMETHING HERE FOR YOU --
REALLY DOES WERD AND
WONDERFUL THINGS
TO YOU...

IT'S A SAMPLE -- IF YOU LIKE IT
I'LL GET YOU MORE AT A BUCK.
APRICE -- THIS ONE IS FREE! COME
ON KID -- TRY IT, YOU'LL LIKE IT -- IT'S
CALLED A GREEN GARGOYLE...



A GREEN GARGOYLE -- ~~AAAAH~~ --
SOUNDS LIKE SOME SORT OF...
OH I DUNNO -- SOME KIND OF
CANDY OR SOMETHING! A
DOLLAR EACH -- THAT'S
EXPENSIVE! MUST BE PRETTY
GOOD CANDY!



DOESN'T TASTE LIKE
ANYTHING. SPECIAL -- JUST
LIKE A MINT! WELL, ANYWAY,
GOTTA GET HOME TO SEE
THAT BALL GAME ON T.V.!



MY HEAD -- SPINNING ROUND --
GETTING DIZZY... GOTTA GET HOME --
BEFORE I KEEL OVER!



WA -- MY HEAD IS
SPUTTING WIDE OPEN
CAN YOU GIVE ME
SOMETHING FOR IT...



THAT...THAT CAN'T
BE MY MOTHER...
IT'S SOME KIND OF...
MONSTER! OH MY
HEAD -- CAN'T EVEN
SEE -- EVERYTHING
GOING ROUND IN
CIRCLES...



GOTTA GET
OUTTA HERE SO I
CAN... DAD -- DAD --
WHAT'S HAPPENED...
OH HELP ME --
SOMEONE HELP
ME...





...THE CAVE --
I'LL GO TO THE OLD
CAVE -- NO ONE THERE --
I CAN GET SOME REST
AND QUIET...



...BUT
I DON'T KNOW WHAT
TO THINK -- THAT WEIRD
CANDY -- COULD IT HAVE
SEEN THE CANDY?
MAYBE...



...HUH?...



OH NO... ANOTHER
MONSTER... SOME KIND OF WEIRD,
HORRIBLE GREEN -- IT'S NOT
REAL -- I KNOW IT'S NOT REAL --
JUST SOME KIND OF WEIRD
DAYDREAM! THAT'S IT -- IT'S
ONLY A DREAM -- I'M REALLY
ASLEEP!

YOU'RE NOT HAVING A NIGHTMARE KID-- YOU'RE NOT HALLUCINATING ANYMORE EITHER-- I'M REAL ENOUGH!

HALLUCINATING... WHAT'S THAT MEAN?

IT MEANS I'M REAL--

THEN IF YOU'RE REAL THAT MEANS...

COOL IT KID-- I WON'T HURT YOU! I MAY BE A GREEN GARGOYLE-- BUT I'M A FRIENDLY GREEN GARGOYLE!

TELL ME-- WHO'S THE CREEP THAT DROPPED THE PILLS ON YOU?

THE CANDY KID-- WHO GAVE YOU THE WEIRD CANDY?

PLEASE? I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

OH-- THE CANDY-- SOME GUY AT SCHOOL...

HE CAME AROUND TODAY AFTER SCHOOL-- GAVE A BUNCH OF US 'SAMPLES' TO TRY-- IF WE LIKED 'EM IT'D COST US A DOLLAR TO GET MORE!

OH GEEZ-- IT'S NOT BAD ENOUGH THEY GOTTA PEDdle THE STUFF TO SCREWED-UP ADULTS... NOW THEY GOTTA SMOKE IT DOWN THE THROATS OF NAIVE CHILDREN...

LISTEN KID-- THAT'S THE GUY THAT'S MAKING YOU SICK-- YOU WANT TO GET EVEN?

WELL OF COURSE-- HE SPLIT MY HEAD WIDE OPEN...

OKAY KID-- NOW LISTEN-- HERE'S WHAT YOU CAN DO...

SOMETIME LATER THAT SAME DAY --

HEY MISTER --
I'VE BEEN LOOKING
FOR YOU ...

KEEP YOUR VOICE
DOWN KID -- ARE
YOU OUT OF YOUR
MIND?

NOT AT THE
MOMENT -- NO --
BUT A LITTLE
WHILE AGO I
WAS ...

OH YEA?
YOU LIKED IT
BUT YOU WANT
SOME MORE
MAYBE?

YEA I WANT
SOME MORE...
SO DOES A
FRIEND OF
MINE...

A FRIEND -- YES
WHAT IS THIS...

YOU GAVE ME TWO
PILLS -- I GAVE ONE OF 'EM
TO A FRIEND AT ANOTHER SCHOOL --
HE WANTS TO SEE YOU, MAYBE
HELP YOU SET UP THERE
TOO!

I DUNNO
KID...

I'M TELLING
YOU THE TRUTH--
HE WANTS TO
SET YOU UP...

OKAY KID --
LET'S GO...

NOT RIGHT NOW --
YOU FINISH YOUR
COFFEE -- IT'LL BE
DARK IN HALF AN
HOUR -- YOU CAN
MEET US IN THE
BAR...

YOU'RE TURNING
INTO A REGULAR JAMES
BOND AREN'T YOU...

OHAY -- SEE
YOU LATER...



WHERE'S
YOUR
FRIEND
KID?

HE'S HERE...
DON'T YOU
SEE HIM?



WHAT KINDA STUNT
IS THIS KID... THERE'S
NO ONE ELSE AROUND.

YOU
WANNA BET
MISTER?



LOOK OVER THERE -- BEHIND THAT
TREE... THERE HE IS -- DON'T YOU SEE
HIM -- DON'T YOU SEE MY FRIEND...

YOU SHOULD -- I
SPAKED YOUR COFFEE
WHILE WE WERE IN THAT
RESTAURANT -- JUST A LITTLE
SOMETHING A FRIEND OF
MINE GAVE ME TO GIVE
TO YOU...



THERE HE IS -- I CAN TELL BY THE
EXPRESSION ON YOUR FACE THAT YOU
SEE HIM TOO... HIS EYES... HIS WEIRD
EYES SHINING BEHIND THAT TREE...

HE'S
GONNA
OUT TO SAY
HELLO --



MISTER -- SAY HELLO TO MY FRIEND --

...THE FLUORESCENT FIEND!

NOW YOU SEE HIM -- NOW YOU DON'T! THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH
DRUGS -- ONE MINUTE YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'RE AT -- THE NEXT YOU
DON'T... AND IF A FIEND SHOULD COME A-CALLIN' -- YOU REALLY SHOULD
KNOW WHERE YOU'RE AT...

THERE IS A **TIME** AND A **PLACE** FOR **EVERY THING**... THEY SAY... THE **TIME** FOR THIS IS **NOW**... THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY IN THE **PLACE** CALLED OKURUJI JUST OFF THE COAST OF **JAPAN**... AND IF THE SCENE STRIKES YOU AS BEING JUST A LITTLE BIT **MAD** IT'S BECAUSE IT **IS** **MAD**...

HEWETSON AND JOSTERS



GOOD GOD... CAN THESE CREATURES BE FROM SOME BIZARRE RACE OF SPICE-PAW...?

...OR CAN THEY BE OF THIS EARTH...

HOW CAN I BATTLE THEM?... ONE MAN... AGAINST A **HORDE** FROM **AB-SWELL**...

...BUT I **MUST**...

...AND I MUST DO IT **NOW**... OR TOMORROW **THE EARTH WILL DIE!**

MORAN JOSTERS

CONSIDER THIS **SIMPLE OBSERVATION** IF YOU WILL... 'THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS AS THEY **APPEAR TO BE**'...

...THERE IS A **MEANING** TO EVERYTHING ON THIS GROTESQUE GLOBE -- AND ALTHOUGH THE MEANING TO **THIS** MAY NOW SEEM OBSCURE TO YOU -- IT WILL **SOON** BE MADE **CLEAR**...

...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...

the day the earth will die!



ALRIGHT CUT... **CUT**

OMG THAT WAS A NICE
TAME... **PRINT IT...**

... GENE ... BEAUTIFUL ... BEAUTIFUL ... YOU'VE
REALLY GOT THE **FEEL** FOR THIS KIND OF FILM - THAT
REAL FANTASY FEELING...

GLAD YOU **LIKED**
IT SULLU... I **LOVE** THESE
KINDA FILMS... FANTASY...
HORROR... MONSTERS...

... PROBABLY AS
MUCH AS THE
AUDIENCE'S
DO...



IT SHOWS MY FRIEND... IT
SHOWS ON **EVERY**
FRAME
OF FILM...

WHAT'S UP
NOW... THE **EGG**
SCENE?

YEH... THE **EGG** SET
IS BEING MADE UP
RIGHT **NOW** ABOUT
A MILE FROM HERE...
WE'LL HOP IN THE
JEEP AND SHOOT
RIGHT OVER...



MR. SULLU... BEFORE
YOU GO SIR... WHAT
ABOUT THE
ROBOTS?... YOU
WANT US TO
DISMANTLE
THEM... THIS IS
THE LAST SCENE
THEY'RE IN...

HAN... THAT'S WISEFUL
THINKING TONG...

... WE HAVEN'T SEEN
THE **ADVANCE** RUSHES
YET... BETTER WAIT 'TILL
WE GET A **CHECK** ON
HOW EVERYTHING LOOKS
ON FILM BEFORE YOU
TAKE 'EM APART...



IT'S **FUNNY** -
MAKING AN ORGANIZED,
TIGHTLY WRITTEN
STORY INTO A FILM...
WHEN THE ORDER OF
FILMING **SCENES**
DOESN'T FOLLOW
THE ORDER OF THE
PLOT...

YEH... I'VE NEVER
BEEN ABLE TO
COMPLETELY
ADJUST MYSELF
TO THAT... RIGHT
NOW, FOR EXAMPLE,
WHEN WE SHOOT THE
EGG SCENE... WE'RE
ACTUALLY SHOOTING
THE **OPENING** OF
THE MOVIE...

... WHEN WE'VE
ALREADY DONE
70% OF THE
REST OF THE
FILM!
... **WHEW...**



WHAT DO YOU
THINK OF THE
PLOT?

NICE AND TRADITIONAL
FANTASY... **JAPANESE
STYLE**... GIANT EGGS
MYSTERIOUSLY FOUND
WITHIN THE EARTH... THEN
THEY HATCH AND OUT
COMES...

...OUT COMES THOSE
'THINGS' I JUST FINISHED
BATTLING... ONLY THING
THAT'LL WIRE THEM OUT
IN THE **END** IS EITHER A
NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST...
WHICH IS IMPOSSIBLE
BECAUSE IT'D KILL TOO
MANY INNOCENT PEOPLE.



...OR THE GUTS
OF A SINGLE MAN...

RIGHT...
YOU...

WE'RE **HERE**... I
SEE EVERYTHING'S
SET UP ALREADY...



OHAY NOW GENE... THIS
IS THE SCENE WHERE YOU
FIND THE **EGGS**... BURIED
UNDER A HEAP OF RUBBLE.

...ROLL CAMERA ONE...
...ACTION...



SHOULD BE WONDERFUL
TO RELAX FOR AWHILE
IN THE OPEN COUNTRY...

AWAY FROM
THE CITY... THE
UNIVERSITY WHERE
I GOTTA GIVE A
LECTURES A DAY...
EVERY DAY...
...STILL... I LONG
FOR THE STATES...
EVEN IF **JAPAN IS**
THE SECOND MOST
BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY
IN THE WORLD, AMERICA
IS STILL **THE FIRST**...



WHAT ON
EARTH...

...GIANT ROCKS... NO, THEY
AREN'T ROCKS... THEY LOOK
LIKE... LIKE...

...**EGGS**...



...CUT...



VERY NICE...VERY NICE GENE...

...WE INSERT SOME **ANIMATION** HERE OF THE EGGS
CRACKING OPEN...

...OF COURSE IN REALITY
WE JUST CUT THEM OPEN...
THEN PUT SAME BABY CHICK
ROBOTS INSIDE...



GET THAT EQUIPMENT
OUTTA HERE... IT'S WORTH
A FORTUNE...

I DON'T THINK
ANYONE'S GONNA
PAY THE SLIGHTEST
BIT OF ATTENTION
SUUU... THEY'RE TOO
BUSY **RUNNING!**

WHAT THE HELL
FOR... THIS IS JUST
SOME KINDA GAG...
AND SOMEBODY IS
GONNA PAY FOR IT...
WITH HIS JOB AND
HIS CAREER...





WHAT IS THIS...
SOME SORTA GAG...
WHOSE RESPONSIBLE
FOR THIS...

IT'S NOT A
GAG SR...
...THOSE THINGS
ARE FOR REAL!



INDEED IT CAN... THE REASON WE DO NOT
YET KNOW... BUT PERHAPS IT WILL BE GIVEN TO
US SHORTLY... FOR THE MOMENT GENTLEMEN...
THERE IS ONLY ONE THING TO DO...
...RUN LIKE HELL!

MR. SULLU... THEY ARE OUR ROBOTS

I DON'T KNOW **HOW** THEY GOT HERE... OR **WHY**... BUT THEY'RE FROM THAT FILM WE DID A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO

... YOU REMEMBER?... THE ONE ABOUT FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER VISITING THE **CROCK** FROM PLANET Z...

BY GOD YOU'RE RIGHT...
... BUT IF THEY'RE ROBOTS... THEY CAN BE **CONTROLLED**...

CHECK CHIEF... THERE ARE **CONTROLS** ON THE BACK OF THE **NECK** IF I REMEMBER ...

... SHOULD BE EASY ENOUGH TO GET TO THEM...

BE CAREFUL...
SOMEONE **ELSE** MUST BE **CONTROLLING** THESE THINGS...

... **MADE IT**...
... NOW IF I CAN ONLY **REACH** THE **CONTROLS**...

OH GOD... IT **BUCKED** HIM RIGHT OFF INTO THE OTHER ONE'S **PATH**...

SULLU... YOU NOTICE SOMETHING **STRANGE** ABOUT THEM...

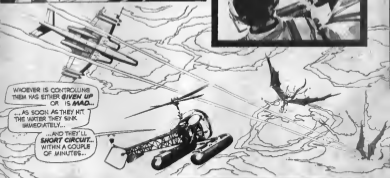
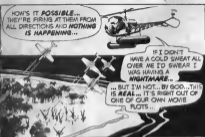
... I DUNNO IF I'M **LOSING** MY MIND... BUT THEY LOOK AS IF THEY'RE **GROWING** FOR GOD'S SAKE...

... **REALLY** **BLOODY** **GROWING** ...

THIS HAS GONE TOO FAR... **CRAZY** AS THIS MAY **SOUND**... I'M GOING TO DO THE SAME THING AS WE DO IN OUR **MOVIES**...

... I'M GOING TO **CALL** IN THE **ARMY**!

EEEEEEEEAAAAAH



IF YOU ARE NOW BEGINNING TO WONDER IF THIS MADNESS WAS A RHYME OR REASON TO IT YOU ARE NOT ALONE... AT LEAST TWO MEN... WHO NOW STAND BY ADLY AS MANY ARE WOUNDED AND KILLED... ALSO WONDER WITH YOU... HOW THIS FITS INTO THE SCHEME OF SANITY IN THIS WORLD...





GENE...THOSE THINGS ARE NO MORE MY ROBOT-MONSTERS THAN THEY ARE YOURS...

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN... THERE IS A *LUNACY* BEHIND THIS THAT BOGGARS DEFINITION...

...I DON'T KNOW WHAT EXACTLY IT IS... BUT YOU CAN BET YOUR LIFE NO *SAME* WHO IS BEHIND ALL THIS SENSELESS MURDER AND SLAUGHTER...



AND MAYBE... MAYBE GOD KNOWS... WE DON'T...

...THERE'S A LINE I HAD IN THE MOVIE THAT FITS WHAT IS HAPPENING...



I KNOW THE ONE YOU MEAN...

THESE THINGS MUST BE BATTLED NOW... OR TOMORROW IT WILL BE TOO LATE... TOMORROW THE EARTH WILL DIE!

CUT!

WELL THAT SHOULD
DO IT...

...NICE FILM... NICE AND
TIGHT... LOTS OF NICE
ACTION SCENES...
YEP... OVERALL I'D SAY
THAT WAS A NICE
REEL OF FILM...



WHAT'S
NEXT?

ANOTHER LOW-BUDGET
HORROR FLICK P... OR
ARE YOU GONNA TRY FOR
A RE-MAKE OF THE
IS COMMANDER?

...NWW... BEEN DONE TOO MANY TIMES...

...I HEARD TELL OF A LITTLE PLANET SOMEWHERE WAY
OUT IN **UFQUAR EXIT ZONE**... THEY HAVE THIS
PRE-OCCUPATION WITH **DOGS AND CATS**... EVERYBODY
IS SCARED OF THEM... MAYBE WE CAN FOCUS
OUR RADAR MAJOR LENSES IN ON THEM FOR
AWHILE... SEND THEM IN A BATCH OF **DOGS AND**

CATS LIKE WE SENT THE
FAKE ROBOT-BEASTS
TO EARTH... STIR UP
SOME TROUBLE... IF
ANYTHING WORTHWHILE
HAPPENS WE'LL SHOOT
A FEW REELS...

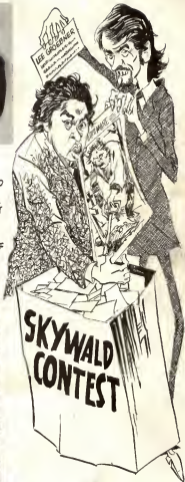
WHAT ABOUT THE
EARTHLINGS...
YOU GONNA
TO SEND A
SWAP TO
PICK UP THE
'BEASTS'?

...NO... IT'D JUST
BE A WASTE... THE
EARTHLINGS WILL FIGURE
OUT A WAY TO CONQUER
THEY...

...THEY ALWAYS DO...
DON'T THEY?...



GROTESQUE 'GRATULATIONS TO WINNER **LEE GROEBNER** OF NEW ULM, MINNESOTA, WHO'S NAME WAS RECENTLY PICKED BY PARANOIC PABLO MARCOS AND ARCHAIC AL HEINETSON FROM THOUSANDS OF ENTRIES...WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER ART GIVE-AWAY CONTEST SOON...BE ON THE WATCH...AND ANYBODY WANTING TO SEE WHAT THE DRAW REALLY LOOKED LIKE MIGHT WANT TO CHECK THE LETTERS PAGE OF **NIGHTMARE #9** FOR A PATHETIC PHOTO...



INSIDE THIS
FIRST ALL-ORIGINAL
ANNUAL
NIGHTMARE
TEASING TALES LURK
IN THE MACABRE
LUNATIC STYLE
OF THE

HORROR MOOD

LET THE
MOOD-TEAM
OF POLS MOENCH,
BRUCE JONES,
PABLO MARCOS,
SCOTTIE ROCA,
PAYNE AND
ARCHAIC AL
HEWITSON
entertain your
MAD-EMOTION
MOMENTS!



INTRODUCE YOURSELF TO YOUR DREAM WORLD. THIS IS THE FIRST
SELECTION IN THE MACABRE NEW CONTINUED FEATURE WHERE YOU ARE
THE WRITER... YOU ARE THE DREAMER... AS WE TELL THE AWFUL TALE
OF YOUR

NIGHTMARE WORLD!

LOOK INSIDE THE
MOST BIZARRE PRACTICES
ON THIS GROTESQUE
GREY EARTH IN--

THE **MACABRE FACTS OF LIFE!**



AND IN FUTURE REGULAR ISSUES OF NIGHTMARE,
AND OUR CRIPPLED COMBINATION TITLE PSYCHO-
NARLY ANNUIT: GHOSTLY REUNION, THE
SLITHER-SLIME MAN, THE PRINCESS OF
EARTH, A BAG OF FLEAS, FUNERAL BARGE,
TITAN WEEP, RAYINGS OF THE DAMNED,
HORROR TUB, AND THE MANIACAL STORY OF
MADNESS

AS
SHOWN
AT
RIGHT..

AT MIND'S EDGE!

PHASE ONE
OF THE
**HORROR-
MOOD!**

